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1889

TINY FOLK

OF

WINTRY DAYS

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS AND
IN MONOTINT BY

MAUD HUMPHREY

Illustrator of "Babes of the Year"

NEW VERSES BY

EDITH M. THOMAS

Author of "Babes of the Year"

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The Russian Child.

Little subject of the Czar,
Tell us what your projects are.
"Oh, beneath the singing pine
I will build a palace fine
All of sparkling snow and ice,
Decked with many a rich device!
And I'll not be there alone,
For I'll build a royal throne,
And I'll make a Czar of snow
And trim courtiers bowing low.
On his head a crown he'll wear,
In his hand a sceptre bear!
Then, a guard of snow I'll set,
With an icy bayonet,
At the door, to keep afar
All who plot against my Czar."

—*EDITH M. THOMAS.*

Dutch Child.

Oh, a sturdy little pilgrim
All the way from Hollow-Land,
With your cosey cap and muff,
And your skates in hand!

If I tried to catch and kiss you
Roly-poly, round, and sweet,
I suspect that you would tie
Wings upon your feet.

Away, away you will be flitting
Down the river smooth as glass;
I, upon the bank, will throw
Kisses as you pass.

—*EDITH M. THOMAS.*

A Little Highlander.

There's a brave lad from the highlands and heather—
There's a true lad with tartan and feather,—
Full of the joy of the wild spring weather!
March!
March!

Who within doors with dull care would be staying
When the wind, through the naked treetops straying,
Sounds like a pibroch that minstrels are playing?
March!
March!

There's a blithe heart as light as the swallow,
There's a bold chieftain—who'll follow, who'll follow,
Over the meadow, up hill and down hollow?
March!
March!

—*EDITH M. THOMAS.*

VOLUNTEER

American Child.

The Volunteer Speaks.

Yes, I am ready to be
A soldier by land or sea,
For my heart is warm and true;
I am my Country's knight,
Peace will I keep—or fight—
Just as she bids me do!

—*EDITH M. THOMAS.*

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Swedish Child.

I met a little Swedish child,
And deep and thoughtful were her eyes;
My willing fancy she beguiled
With many a legend strange and wild.

She told of witching water-sprites,
Of nimble dwarfs and giants grim,
Of dancers 'mid the Northern Lights
That wave their banners o'er the heights.

She sang me many a cunning rhyme,
Then up she rose in haste, and cried,
"I must be gone, the church-bells chime,
I'll tell the rest another time!"

—*EDITH M. THOMAS.*

Canadian Child.

"Gay little cousin
Beyond the Great Lakes
(A darling rose-bud
Amid the white flakes!)

How far is it, pray,
To the foot of the hill?"
"A swallow's flight
So smooth and so still!"

"And, prithee, how far
To the top of the hill?"
"Oh, a snail's pace
With a patient will!"

—*EDITH M. THOMAS.*

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